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- ART. IX.—1. *The Works of GEORGE BERKELEY, D. D., late Bishop of Cloyne, in Ireland; to which is added an Account of his Life, and several of his Letters.* In two volumes. 4to. London. 1784.
2. *The Works of GEORGE BERKELEY, D. D., Bishop of Cloyne; to which are added an Account of his Life, and several of his Letters to Thomas Prior, Esq., Dean Gervais, Mr. Pope, &c.* London: Charles Daly. 1837.

THE relation of this country to Europe, as it is rendered more intimate by the facilities of modern intercourse and the increase of immigration, assumes a greater historical interest. When a long, tedious, and comparatively perilous voyage divided us from the Old World, the advent of a band of exiles or adventurers, or the sojourn of a distinguished foreigner, was a memorable incident. The primitive reverence and attachment which bound the early colonists to their fatherland, their dependence for intellectual resources upon an older civilization, and the nucleus afforded by a vast and unappropriated country for the establishment and growth of political and religious minorities transplanted from ancient states and hierarchies, combined to render the arrival of a refugee, an experimentalist, a member of a proscribed sect, or the advocate of an original scheme or doctrine, an event fraught with incalculable results and singular attraction. The motives, career, and influence of the gifted, the unfortunate, and the philanthropic men who have thus sought an asylum and an arena in America, would form a chapter in our history second to none in importance and romance. It would include the agency of Puritan and Cavalier, of missionary and gold-seeker, of the thrifty Dutchman, the mercutorial Gaul, and the Spanish soldier, of priest, statesman, and trader, in moulding the original elements of national life; and from these general types it would descend to the more temporary, but not less illustrious, examples of the chosen few who came hither to report the unrecorded wonders of a fresh continent, to examine its natural features, direct its policy, assert the claims of discovery and supremacy, minister to its wants,

and do battle for its liberties. To the eye of the philosopher and the hero of Europe this has ever been the land of infinite possibilities. Here scope was yielded to enterprise and thought, to courage and ambition, to usefulness and faith, when their development elsewhere was checked by tyranny, overgrown population, conventionalism, exhausted means, and despotic prejudice. The obstacles thus impending on the one side of the ocean, and the free range open on the other, gave extraordinary impulse, not only to the latent forces of society, but to those of individual character. Hence the new phases of life and the salient evolutions of opinion and effort, discoverable in the memoirs of the first Transatlantic visitors. Their history contains some of the noblest and the most despicable exhibitions of human nature; all that is generous and base in character, chivalry and selfishness, the high-minded and the rapacious, the benefactor and the foe of mankind, alternate in the chronicle; science and bigotry, philanthropy and avarice, the saint and the ruffian, stand out upon the virgin page of our primitive annals, the more distinctly and impressively because of the solitary background of an unsettled country and the limitless perspective of its subsequent growth.

The annalist finds in each company of Europeans who originally explored the forests and navigated the streams of America a representative man, around whom the colony or roving band is grouped on the uncrowded canvas of our early history; and the difference of nation, aim, and faith is indicated at a glance by their very names. What varied associations and opposite elements of character are suggested by the figures thus delineated of De Soto and Penn, Lord Baltimore and Hendrick Hudson, Roger Williams and Father Marquette! When the zeal for gain and the enthusiasm of adventure and religion had somewhat declined, liberal curiosity and humane sympathies influenced another class of men to seek our shores. The noble volunteers from abroad who rallied under the standard of Washington occupy the most honored place on this magnanimous roll,—Lafayette, Steuben, Pulaski, and their brave compeers; and when peace regained her empire consecrated by freedom, the champions of science and of truth began to turn their aspirations in the same direction, some

urged by persecution, and others by the ardor of discovery or beneficence. Priestley, after the destruction of his laboratory by a Birmingham mob, brought hither the fearless spirit of inquiry and experiment that inspired his ingenious mind; Volney turned his sceptical gaze from the decaying monuments of the elder world, to primeval nature in the new; Whitefield breathed here the eloquent appeals that had previously kindled the English Dissenters; Humboldt came to take the altitude of our mountains; Michaux to wander with delight through our glorious woodlands; Cobbett, to publish without restraint his political and economical maxims; Wilson, to give names to the feathered tribe; and Chateaubriand, to make the pilgrimage of a poet to the Falls of Niagara. Then succeeded the swarm of cockney travellers whose egotistical comments proved so annoying to the sensitive pride of embryo nationality; and after them the ephemeral race of lions,—authors and actors,—who often proved so recreant to the memory of a public appreciation too frank and hospitable for their merits,—itinerant lecturers, pretentious strangers, fastidious pilgrims, whose casual triumph was followed by enduring contempt; and, interspersed with these, men of higher faculty and less selfish aims, worthy ministers at the altar of knowledge, who observed the phenomena of our development with the insight of philosophy and the sentiment of humanity,—such as the lamented Spurzheim, the candid Lyell, and the analytical De Tocqueville. It is, indeed, a curious study and an amusing experiment thus to compare the impressions of the illustrious visitors to America, from Charlevoix's quaint Travels to Tom Moore's lampoons and "Lake of the Dismal Swamp," and from Kossuth's speeches to Thackeray's table-talk.

Among the traces yet discoverable of the American sojourn of celebrated individuals during the youth of the country, none are more pleasing or more worthy of commemoration, than those which still keep fresh the name of George Berkeley. He is known to the multitude chiefly by the frequent quotation of his prophetic stanza, and by one of those terse compliments with which the heroics of Pope abound. It is, therefore, a grateful task to recall the details of his life and the

prominent traits of his character, associated as they are with a public spirit and generous projects, of which, for many years, this land was the chosen scene.

When Shaftesbury, in phrases of studied elegance, was advocating a modified Platonic system, and Bishop Sherlock represented the eloquence of the Church, when Swift's pungent satire ruled in politics, and Pope's finished couplets were the exemplars of poetry, when Sir Robert Walpole's ministry and Queen Caroline's levees were the civic and social features of the day, there moved in the circles of literature, of state, and of religious fellowship, one of those men to whom, by virtue of their guileless spirits and ingenuous minds, their sweet repose of character, gentle manners, and speculative tendencies, we instinctively give the name of philosopher. Amid the partisan bitterness and critical rivalry of that era, a contemplative habit and a kindly heart offer a refreshing contrast to the more aspiring and malevolent elements in society. A rare dignity and a potent charm invest the memory of the peaceful and disinterested enthusiast. He purifies the turbid stream of intellectual life, and hallows the pursuit of fame. Of this class of men was George Berkeley, who was born at Kilerin, Ireland, March 12th, 1684. The period embraced in his life was one of great political activity and scientific achievement. He occupied, at the school on the Ormond foundation in the county of Kilkenny, the form where, shortly before, Swift had studied. Locke, Leibnitz, Boyle, and Newton died between his childhood and his mature fame.

His countenance was remarkably expressive of intellect and benevolence. His strength of limb was unusual; his constitution was naturally robust, though gradually impaired by the inactivity of a student's life; and an ardent temperament animated his frame and mien, and enhanced the effect of his candid disposition and attractive manners. To these obvious charms were united the confidence inspired by his integrity and his liberal sympathies, and the respect cherished for his learning and piety. His life was comparatively uneventful; its interest is derived almost wholly from his character and opinions; yet his lot was cast at a period, and among influences, singularly favorable to the gratification of

his tastes and the exercise of his powers. To a childhood passed in Ireland we ascribe at least a degree of the frank warmth of feeling and the imaginative zest which endeared him to contemporaries. The suspicion of Jacobite opinions, the unfavorable effect of which upon Lord Galway was diverted by his pupil, Molyneux, seems first to have directed public attention to his merits. After becoming a fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, he enjoyed the benefit of foreign travel, as companion to a son of the Bishop of Clogher; and soon afterward received the appointment of chaplain to the Duke of Grafton, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. Through Sir Richard Steele he became known to the Earl of Peterborough, who took him to Italy as chaplain. On his promotion to the Deanery of Derry, in 1724, he resigned his fellowship. He subsequently visited America on his self-imposed mission, returned to become Bishop of Cloyne, and died at Oxford, whither he had repaired to superintend the education of his sons, in 1753. To learning and benevolence his whole existence was devoted; he illustrated the sentiments of Christianity more by his example as a man, than by his functions as a priest; and, throughout his career, he was a vigilant observer of nature, a patient student of books, a minister to the wants of his race, an earnest seeker for psychological truth, and a delightful specimen of the genuine Christian philosopher.

Berkeley's metaphysical opinions are known under the generic title of the "Ideal Theory," according to which "the belief in an exterior material world is false and inconsistent with itself; those things which are called sensible, material objects, are not external, but exist in the mind by the immediate act of God, according to certain rules, termed laws of nature, from which he never deviates; and the steady adherence of the Supreme Spirit to these rules is what constitutes the reality of things to his creatures, and so effectually distinguishes the ideas perceived by sense from such as are the work of the mind itself or of dreams, that there is no more danger of confounding them together on this hypothesis, than on that of the existence of matter." "It is an opinion," he observes in "The Principles of Human Knowledge," "strangely prevailing among men, that houses, mountains, rivers, and, in

a word, all sensible objects, have an existence natural, real, distinct from their being perceived by the understanding. What are the forementioned objects but the things we perceive by sense, and what do we perceive besides our own ideas and sensations? All those bodies which compose the mighty frame of the world have not any subsistence without a mind." The germ of this philosophy appears in Berkeley's "Theory of Vision," which has been aptly described as illustrating "the immediate presence and providence of the Deity," and as "a practical apprehension of idealism." Stewart identifies it with the theories of the Hindoo philosophers, who, according to Sir William Jones, thought "the whole creation was rather an *energy* than a *work*, by which the Infinite Mind, who is present at all times and in all places, exhibits to his creatures a set of perceptions like a wonderful picture, or a piece of music, always varied, yet always uniform." The practical effect of such views, in the opinion of some of Berkeley's opponents, is in the highest degree baneful; and Bishop Hoadley thought they "corrupted the nature and simplicity of religion, by blending it with the subtilty and obscurity of metaphysics." The singular purity of Berkeley's faith, and the integrity of his character, in the opinion of his religious friends, could alone have furnished an antidote for the bane of his philosophical doctrines.

Berkeley is recognized by standard psychological writers as having contributed a positive and brilliant truth to their science in his "Theory of Vision." The doctrine is thus briefly stated in an article attributed to J. Stewart Mill.

"Of the information which we appear to receive, and which we really do, in the maturity of our faculties, receive through the eye, a part only is originally and instinctively furnished by that sense; the remainder is the result of experience. The sense of sight informs us of nothing originally except light and colors, and a certain arrangement of colored lines and points. This arrangement constitutes what are called by opticians and astronomers apparent figure, apparent position, and apparent magnitude; of real figure, position, and magnitude, the eye teaches us nothing; these are facts revealed exclusively by the sense of touch. We judge an object to be more distant from us by the diminution of its apparent magnitude, that is, by linear perspective;

or by that dimness or faintness of color which generally increases with distance, or, in other words, by aerial perspective. Berkeley alleges that, to a person born blind and suddenly made to see, all objects would seem to be in his eye, or rather in his mind. It would be more correct to say such a person would, at first, have no conception of *in* or *out*, and would only be conscious of colors, and not of objects." \*

By this Berkeley met a great problem of human nature, and, it appears to us, in a way which, so far from tending to materialism and scepticism, involves, in the last analysis, a profound recognition of the spiritual being and destiny of man. Hume may have drawn from it arguments which, at the first glance, seem to favor his disbelief in the foundations of religious faith; but it is evident that the reverse was the case with Berkeley, who was one of the most ardent and skilful opponents of the infidelity of his day. Much of the discussion which his metaphysical views excited was devoted to words rather than to ideas. All our external experience is, in point of fact, but a series of *impressions*; the question is how they are produced; and the chief peculiarity of Berkeley was, that he ascribed a larger share of this process to the mind, and less to the senses, than his predecessors. His error, perhaps, consisted, not in false premises, but in conclusions broader than his premises would warrant. The idea which lies at the root of his philosophy, so clearly developed in the "Theory of Vision," has been accepted by the best thinkers; but the elaboration of this idea into a complete system of immaterialism, in the "Principles of Human Knowledge," finds comparatively few adherents. It is in this extreme application that truth becomes vague, and the philosopher gives place to the dreamer. None the less, however, on this account, should we acknowledge our obligations to Berkeley as a pioneer in the most difficult theme of human inquiry. That was but a dogmatical argument of Dr. Johnson, who, in reference to this doctrine of the non-existence of matter, said, as he kicked a stone, "I refute it thus"; for Berkeley never called in question the fact of sensation, but contended that sensation and its causes existed only in the mind. Bayle,

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\* Westminster Review, Vol. XXXVIII. p. 318.



speaking of his "Theory of Vision," declares that, of all Berkeley's writings, it is that "*qui fait le plus honneur à sa sagacité, et le premier où l'on ait entrepris de distinguer les opérations immédiates des sens des inductions que nous tirons habituellement de nos sensations.*"\* "The doctrine of his Theory of Vision," says the reviewer already quoted, "has remained one of the least disputed doctrines in the most disputed and most disputable of all sciences, — the science of man."

It would far exceed the scope of our present object, however, to analyze the arguments and cite the illustrations by which Berkeley endeavors to prove his bold formula. Those interested in the subject will find, in the volumes devoted to it, an exposition remarkable for beautiful simplicity of style, clearness of statement, and ingenious reasoning; and if unimpressed with its logic, they cannot fail to be charmed with its tone, and won by many a glimpse of the mysterious analogies which link our spiritual consciousness with outward experience. Sir James Mackintosh thus estimates Berkeley as a mental philosopher: "His immaterialism is chiefly valuable as a touchstone of metaphysical sagacity, showing them to be altogether without it who, like Johnson and Beattie, believe that his speculations were sceptical, that they implied any distrust of the senses, or that they had the smallest tendency to disturb reasoning or to alter conduct." Of his style, Sir James remarks: "It is the finest model of the philosophical since Cicero"; and elsewhere, alluding to his last tract, says: "His immaterialism, indeed, modestly appears, but only to purify and elevate our thoughts, and to fix them on mind, — the paramount and primeval principle of all things."

The origin of works that betray strong individuality is always an interesting subject of inquiry. The varied learning and the charitable instincts of Berkeley might have found ample scope in the exercise of his profession; and the tendency of his mind was towards the natural and exact sciences, as is evident from the objects which attracted him in travel, and the books and companions he sought. He adventured in the field of metaphysics in consequence of the excitement his

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\* Biographie Universelle.

young imagination derived from works of fiction, and the subsequent reaction of his judgment and taste from the prescribed text-books in mental philosophy at the University; and he was still further inspired by the enthusiasm for such investigations awakened by the writings of Locke and Malebranche. These causes fixed his thoughts on the study of our mysterious nature; and the ideas he evolved were enhanced in value by the ardor of his disposition, and were the more strongly advocated because vehemently opposed. The form of dialogues, imitated from Plato, in which some of his principal treatises are cast, gives them an obsolete air; and the main problem he undertook to solve, viewed apart from his acute arguments, is one of those broad generalizations which it is far easier for less noble minds to ridicule than to appreciate.

It is remarkable that Berkeley's mind, though so unique in speculation, was keenly observant and exact. When the "Minute Philosopher" was republished in this country, it excited unusual attention, and was esteemed an excellent argument against irreligion, though somewhat too elaborate and dry for prolonged popularity. A marked resemblance has been traced between parts of this work and Butler's Analogy. Besides his metaphysical writings, a mathematical treatise in Latin, a number of controversial tracts, occasional sermons, and a few of his letters, admit us still further into a knowledge of his opinions and disposition. In every instance these casual efforts are inspired by an enthusiasm for truth, which, he quaintly says, "is the cry of all, but the game of few," or by a desire to enlighten and benefit others. The titles of these writings indicate their purpose:—"A Discourse to an Infidel Mathematician"; another to "Magistrates on Irreligious Living"; "A Word to the Wise," wherein he successfully sought to pacify the Catholic clergy of Ireland, and to promote more liberal feelings towards them; "The Querist," in which many useful and benevolent suggestions are offered for the public welfare, and several original hints are given worthy of a political economist, before the science had attained its present consideration; "A Proposal for better supplying Churches in our Foreign Plantations." Every one has read the pensive description of the old South-Sea House in London, in which Lamb reveals in mellow

tints its monitory decay. During the distress incident to the failure of that splendid scheme, Berkeley improved the occasion to offer suggestions both of warning and counsel worthy of his sagacious mind and benevolent heart. As a writer he was thus of great immediate utility, especially as the affectionate esteem in which he was held gave sanction to his counsels. When we examine his literary remains, however, with the more concise and varied forms of didactic writing brought into vogue during the last half-century fresh in our minds, there appears a want of life and brilliancy in his most sensible remarks. His style, however deserving of eulogy as a medium for abstract discussion, is somewhat monotonous and diffuse, more that of a scholarly sermonizer than of a modern essayist. And yet it is impossible to recur to his candid and ingenuous writings, in which an intrepid love of truth and a liberal grace of character seem to breathe from the unexaggerated, clear, and tranquil diction, without feeling a certain admiration of the author, springing from love for the man more than from sympathy with the philosopher. His extensive knowledge and catholic tastes are apparent even in the advocacy of his special opinions, and the genial light of a humane, bold, and comprehensive mind gives a charm to ideas that often have no surviving importance, and to objects for some of which it is no longer needful to plead.

It was a sagacious remark of Madame de Stael, that, when we are much attached to our ideas, we endeavor to connect everything with them; and seldom has this trait of the intellectual enthusiast been more emphatically illustrated than in the case of Berkeley. Whenever his feelings were enlisted in behalf of a theory or an enterprise, he derived arguments in its behalf from the most distant sources. One of the last of his favorite ideas was a faith in the curative qualities of tar-water, which had proved useful in a malady under which he suffered. His treatise on the subject deserves no mean rank among the curiosities of literature. The research, ingenuity, and scholarship elicited by his ardent plea for this specific evinces a patient and elaborate contemplation seldom manifest in the discussion of the most comprehensive questions. He analyzes the different balsams, from the balm of Gilead to

amber; he quotes Leo Africanus to describe the process of making tar on Mount Atlas, and compares it with that used in New England; he cites Herodotus and Pliny, Theophrastus and Plato, Boerhaave and Evelyn; he surveys the whole domain of vegetable physiology, points out the relation of volatile salts to the economy of the blood, and discusses natural history, the science of medicine, chemistry, and the laws of life, space, light, and the soul itself, — all with ostensible reference to the virtues of tar-water. He enumerates every conceivable disease as a legitimate subject of its efficacy; and while thus prolix and irrelevant, fuses the whole with good sense, fine rhetoric, and graceful zeal.

His early travels form a pleasing episode in his life. Though somewhat restricted by professional duties, he improved every opportunity to observe, and to record his impressions. The few letters from Italy published in his *Memoirs* convey the zest and intelligence with which he enjoyed his tour, and his affectionate remembrance of home. He was repelled by the “cold, trivial conceits” of the modern Italian poets, and hailed their newly awakened interest in English authors, as manifested in the translation of Milton that had just appeared. He was present at a disputation at the Sorbonne when in Paris, and, at the English college there, saw the body of the last King James. He was carried over part of the Alps during winter in a chair. From the fact that all volcanoes are near the sea, he inferred a vacuum caused in the bowels of the earth by a vast body of inflammable matter taking fire, on which the water rushes in, and, being converted into steam, gives rise to the eruption. In one of his epistles is a minute and eloquent description of the island of Ischia, which he calls “an epitome of the whole earth”; in another he gives an account of the people of Naples, which shows that they lived a century and a half ago exactly as at present.

“Would you know,” he asks, “how we pass the time at Naples? Our chief entertainment is the devotion of our neighbors: besides the gayety of their churches (where folks go to see what they call *una bella devotione*, i. e. a sort of religious opera), they make fireworks almost every week out of devotion; the streets are often hung with arras out

of devotion ; and (what is still more strange) the ladies invite gentlemen to their houses, and treat them with music and sweetmeats, out of devotion : in a word, were it not for this devotion of its inhabitants, Naples would have little else to recommend it beside the air and situation."

The following passages of one of his letters to Pope are characteristic : —

*" Leghorn, May 1, 1714.*

"As I take ingratitude to be a greater crime than impertinence, I choose rather to run the risk of being thought guilty of the latter, than not to return you my thanks for a very agreeable entertainment you just now gave me. I have accidentally met with your Rape of the Lock here, having never seen it before. Style, painting, judgment, spirit, I had already admired in other of your writings ; but in this I am charmed with the magic of your invention, with all those images, allusions, and inexplicable beauties, which you raise so surprisingly, and at the same time so naturally, out of a trifle. And yet I cannot say that I was more pleased with the reading of it, than I am with the pretext it gives me to renew in your thoughts the remembrance of one who values no happiness beyond the friendship of men of wit, learning, and good nature.

"I remember to have heard you mention some half-formed design of coming to Italy. What might we not expect from a muse that sings so well in the bleak climate of England, if she felt the same warm sun, and breathed the same air, with Virgil and Horace ?

"Green fields and groves, flowery meadows and purling streams, are nowhere in such perfection as in England : but if you would know lightsome days, warm suns, and blue skies, you must come to Italy ; and to enable a man to describe rocks and precipices, it is absolutely necessary that he pass the Alps."

As chaplain to the Earl of Peterborough, Berkeley preached regularly at the English factory in Leghorn, and used to relate with much humor a visit he there received from a troop of priests, who walked around his chamber, sprinkling holy water, and muttering Latin prayers. He imagined the ceremony to be an exorcism of heresy, but discovered that it was only the observance of the day enjoined by the Roman calendar for blessing the house and clearing it of vermin. Another and more grave adventure befell him at Paris, where a warm

and protracted argument he held with Malebranche, who, in a dressing-gown, and over a pipkin on the coals, was nursing himself for an inflammation of the lungs, so aggravated the disorder as to cause the metaphysician's death a few days after. While at Lyons, he wrote an ingenious tract, "*De Motu*," and sent it to the Royal Academy of Sciences. It is deeply to be regretted that his copious and studiously gathered notes for a natural history of Sicily—the fruit of his zealous observation there—were lost, with his journals, at Naples.

The social and friendly relations of Berkeley well illustrate both his character and his position. He was a favorite of Queen Caroline; at whose *soirées* spirited discussions of his theory occurred between him, Clarke, Hoadley, and Sherlock. She was in the habit of sending for him to talk over the American project; and when her generous intentions were thwarted by considerations of etiquette that prevented his obtaining the richest deanery in Ireland, she declared that, "if he could not have it, he should be a bishop," and appointed him to Cloyne. Steele and Swift introduced him to their coteries of wits, and to men of influence. He was a contributor to *The Guardian*, and, to his great surprise, among the principal heirs of Esther Vanhomrigh (Vanessa). No prominent man of that day enjoyed so many enduring and eligible friendships. Satire, then so much in vogue, was melted into kindness, and criticism softened to eulogy, when his name occurred in verse, letter, or conversation. Swift could not sympathize with his dreams, yet he earnestly advocated his cause. Addison laid aside his constitutional reserve to promote Berkeley's wishes. Pope made an exception in his favor, and suffered encomium to remain on his musical page unbalanced by censure. "I take you," says one of his letters, inviting the Dean to Twickenham, "to be almost the only friend I have that is above the little vanities of the town." Atterbury declared, after an interview with him: "So much understanding, so much innocence, and such humility, I did not think had been the portion of any but angels, until I saw this gentleman." It is related by Lord Bathurst, that on one occasion, when several members of the Scriblerus Club met

at his house to dine, it was agreed to rally Berkeley, who was also invited, upon his American scheme. The latter heard the merry banter with the utmost good nature, and then asked permission to reply; and, as his noble host afterwards declared, "displayed his plan with such an astonishing and animating fire of eloquence and enthusiasm, that they were struck dumb, and, after some pause, rose all up together with earnestness, exclaiming, 'Let us set out immediately!'" When he determined to make Oxford his abode, he tendered the resignation of the bishopric of Cloyne, but the king refused to accept it, declaring that he "should live where he pleased, and die a bishop." "He is," writes Warburton, "a great man, and the only visionary I ever knew that was."

Beloved and respected as he was, however, and not without eminent disciples as the advocate of a metaphysical theory, Berkeley seems to have been regarded by many of the prominent men of his day as a mere amiable enthusiast. "Poor philosopher Berkeley," alluding to his illness, writes Swift, "has now the *idea* of health, which it was very hard to produce in him; for he had an *idea* of a strange fever on him, so strong, that it was very hard to destroy it by introducing a contrary one." "I have not seen Dean Berkeley," writes Gay to Swift, "but I have read his book [The Minute Philosopher] and like many parts of it; but in general think, with you, that it is too speculative." When one of his converts, after a sharp argument during an evening visit, rose to depart, "Pray, sir," said Dr. Johnson, "do n't leave us, for we may perhaps forget to think of you, and then you will cease to exist." Similar witticisms are of frequent occurrence in the anecdotes preserved of his illustrious friends; and even when they urged those in power to aid the realization of his benevolent enterprise, the plea is often modified by some compassionate allusion to that romance of character to which his ardent projects were ascribed. It is, however, a law of disinterested action, that, when baffled in its specific aim, incidental good is sure to result, and in order justly to estimate the personal influence of Berkeley in the world of opinion and the cause of humanity, we must take into view the indirect agency of his doctrine, the casual services he fulfilled, and the efficiency of the spirit he was of.

Thus considered, it will be seen that the example and writings of few church dignitaries have proved more beneficent and attractive.

When he returned home, after the failure of his college scheme in America, he instantly paid back all the contributions he had received in aid of that object. When he became the legatee of Swift's indignant mistress, he honorably burned all her love-letters.\* His last act at Cloyne, where his residence had been fraught with blessings to the people, was to sign a lease of the demesne lands there, to be renewed yearly, at a rent of two hundred pounds, for distribution to the poor of the neighborhood.

He enjoyed true philosophic content. "We behold these vicissitudes," says one of his letters, "with an equal eye from the serene corner of Cloyne"; and, speaking of the gout, from which he occasionally suffered, he observes, "It throws off a sharp excrement from the blood to the limbs and extremities of the body, and is no less useful than painful." The following passage from another letter gives us a charming idea of the same spirit when age began to subdue his vivacity.

"For my own part," he writes, under date of April 6, 1752, "I submit to years and infirmities. My views in this world are mean and narrow; it is a thing in which I have small share, and which ought to give me small concern. I abhor business, and especially to have to do with great persons and great affairs. The evening of life I choose to pass in a quiet retreat. Ambitious projects, intrigues, and quarrels of statesmen, are things I have formerly been amused with; but they now seem to be a vain and fugitive dream. We have not the transports of you castle-hunters; but our lives are calm and serene."

The love of retirement, native to the scholar, was confirmed in Berkeley by domestic affections. His wife had some skill in painting; and music was cultivated in the family, it being

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\* It was said, indeed, that Vanessa made it a condition of her legacy, that her correspondence with Swift should be published; and Berkeley has been reproached for its non-fulfilment. Sir Walter Scott, in his *Life of Swift*, explains the whole affair. There was no such condition in the will, and although Berkeley destroyed the letters, his co-legatee retained copies, and, from these, extracts subsequently found their way into print.



their custom to assemble early in the morning to receive instruction in that art from an Italian professor. The day the Bishop passed in his study, and gave the evening to his family and social intercourse. Beautiful, even in its sadness, was the death of this benignant and gifted man, and singularly appropriate to the close of such a life. One Sabbath afternoon, in the winter of 1753, as he lay on a couch, in the full possession of those noble faculties he had borne so meekly, listening to one of Sherlock's Sermons, his wife beside and his children around him, the gentle and exalted spirit of Berkeley took its flight, — so quietly and without a struggle, that it was not until his daughter, approaching him to offer refreshment, found his hand cold, that they knew he was no more.

Such was the character and such the career of the man who, a century and a quarter ago, turned manfully from the allurements of clerical distinction and literary society, from the pleasures of wealth and fame, to bring religious truth and intellectual culture to the aborigines of this continent; who anticipated its marvellous destinies, and hailed it as a new field for the triumphs of humanity. There are more imposing monuments in the venerable precincts of Oxford, recalling the genius which hallows our ancestral literature, but at the tomb of Berkeley we linger with affectionate reverence, as we associate the gifts of his mind and the graces of his spirit with that disinterested and memorable visit to our country.

In 1725, Berkeley published his proposals in explanation of this long-cherished purpose; at the same time he offered to resign his livings, and to consecrate the remainder of his days to this Christian undertaking. So magnetic were his appeal and example, that three of his brother-fellows at Oxford decided to unite with him in the expedition. Many eminent and wealthy persons were induced to contribute their influence and money to the cause. But he did not trust wholly to such means. Having ascertained the worth of a portion of the St. Christopher's lands ceded by France to Great Britain by the treaty of Utrecht, and about to be disposed of for public advantage, he undertook to realize from them larger proceeds than had been anticipated, and suggested that a certain amount

of these funds should be devoted to his college. Availing himself of the friendly intervention of a Venetian gentleman whom he had known in Italy, he submitted the plan to George I., who directed Sir Robert Walpole to carry it through Parliament. He obtained a charter for "erecting a college, by name St. Paul's, in Bermuda, with a president and nine fellows, to maintain and educate Indian scholars at the rate of ten pounds a year, George Berkeley to be the first president, and his companions from Trinity College the fellows." His commission was voted May 11, 1726. To the promised amount of twenty thousand pounds to be derived from the land-sale, many sums were added from individual donation. The letters of Berkeley to his friends, at this period, are filled with the discussion of his scheme; it absorbed his time, taxed his ingenuity, warmed his heart, and drew forth the strong sympathy and earnest co-operation of his many admirers, though regret at the prospect of losing his society constantly finds expression. Swift, in a note to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, says: "I do humbly entreat your excellency either to use such persuasions as will keep one of the first men of the kingdom for learning and genius at home, or assist him, by your credit, to compass his romantic design." "I have obtained reports," says one of his own letters, "from the Bishop of London, the Board of Trade and Plantations, and the Attorney and Solicitor General"; "yesterday the charter passed the privy seal"; "the Lord Chancellor is not a busier man than myself." And elsewhere: "I have had more opposition from the governors and traders to America, than from any others. But God be praised, there is an end of all their narrow and mercantile views and endeavors, as well as of the jealousies and suspicions of others (some of whom were very great men) who apprehended this college may produce an independency in America, or at least lessen its dependency on England."

Freneau's ballad of the "Indian Boy," who ran back to the woods from the halls of learning, was written subsequently, or it might have discouraged Berkeley in his idea of the capacity of the American savages for education; but more positive obstacles thwarted his generous aims. The king died before affixing his seal to the charter, which delayed the whole pro-

cedure. Walpole, efficient as he was as a financier and a servant of the house of Brunswick, was a thorough utilitarian, and too practical and worldly-wise to share in the disinterested enthusiasm of Berkeley. In his answer to Bishop Gibson, whose diocese included the West Indies, when he applied for the funds so long withheld, he says: "If you put the question to me as minister, I must assure you that the money shall most undoubtedly be paid as soon as suits with public convenience; but if you ask me as a friend, whether Dean Berkeley should continue in America expecting the payment of twenty thousand pounds, I advise him by all means to return to Europe." To the project thus rendered unattainable, Berkeley had devoted seven years of his life and the greater part of his fortune. The amount realized by the sale of confiscated lands was about ninety thousand pounds, of which eighty thousand were made the marriage portion of the Princess Royal, about to espouse the Prince of Orange; and the remainder, through the influence of Oglethorpe, was secured for the transportation of emigrants to his Georgia colony.

Berkeley's scheme was more deliberate and well-considered than is commonly believed. Horace Walpole calls it "uncertain and amusing"; but a writer of deeper sympathies declares it "too grand and pure for the powers that were." His nature craved the united opportunities of usefulness and of self-culture; he felt the obligation to devote himself to benevolent enterprise; and at the same time earnestly desired both the leisure and the retirement needful for the pursuit of abstract studies. The project he contemplated promised to combine all these objects. The infinite wants, intellectual and religious, of the new continent, he possessed a heart to feel; the grand destinies awaiting its growth, he had the imagination to conceive. Those who fancy that his views were limited to the plan of a doubtful missionary experiment, do great injustice to the broad and elevated hopes he cherished. He knew that a recognized seat of learning open to the poor and uncivilized, and the varied moral exigencies of a new country, would insure ample scope for the exercise of all his erudition and his talents; he felt that his mind would be a kingdom wherever his lot was cast; and he was inspired by a noble interest in

the progress of America, and a faith in the new field there open for the advancement of truth, as is evident from the celebrated verses in which these feelings found expression : —

“The Muse, disgusted at an age and clime,  
Barren of every glorious theme,  
In distant lands now waits a better time,  
Producing subjects worthy fame :

“In happy climes, where from the genial sun  
And virgin earth such scenes ensue,  
The force of art by nature seems outdone,  
And fancied beauties by the true :

“In happy climes the seat of innocence,  
Where nature guides and virtue rules,  
Where men shall not impose for truth and sense,  
The pedantry of courts and schools :

“There shall be sung another golden age,  
The rise of empire and of arts,  
The good and great inspiring epic rage,  
The wisest heads and noblest hearts.

“Not such as Europe breeds in her decay ;  
Such as she bred when fresh and young,  
When heavenly flame did animate her clay,  
By future poets shall be sung.

“Westward the course of empire takes its way ;  
The four first acts already past,  
A fifth shall close the drama with the day ;  
Time’s noblest offspring is the last.”

In August, 1728, Berkeley married a daughter of the Honorable John Forster, Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, and soon after embarked for America. His companions were his wife and her friend, Miss Hancock, two gentlemen of fortune, James and Dalton, and Smilert the painter. In a picture by the latter, now in the Trumbull Gallery at New Haven, are preserved the portraits of this group, as they appeared in the cabin, during the voyage. It was sketched at sea, and afterwards painted for a gentleman of Boston, of whom it was purchased, in 1808, by Isaac La-throp, Esq., and presented to Yale College. This visit of Smilert associates Berkeley’s name with the dawn of art in America. They had travelled together in Italy, and the Dean induced him to join the expedition, partly from friendship,

and also to enlist his services as instructor in drawing and architecture in the proposed college. Smilert was born in Edinburgh, about the year 1684, and served an apprenticeship there to a house-painter. He went to London, and, from painting coaches, rose to copying old pictures for the dealers. He then gave three years to the study of his art in Italy.

“Smilert,” says Horace Walpole, “was a silent and modest man who abhorred the *finesse* of some of his profession, and was enchanted with a plan that he thought promised tranquillity and an honest subsistence in a healthy and Elysian climate, and in spite of remonstrances engaged with the Dean, whose zeal had ranged the favor of the court on his side. The king’s death dispelled the vision. One may conceive how a man so devoted to his art must have been animated when the Dean’s enthusiasm and eloquence painted to his imagination a new theatre of prospects, rich, warm, and glowing with scenery which no pencil had yet made common.” \*

Smilert was the first educated artist who visited our shores, and the picture referred to, the first of more than a single figure executed in the country. To his pencil New England is indebted for portraits of many of her early statesmen and clergy. Among others, he painted for a Scotch gentleman the only authentic likeness of Jonathan Edwards. He married a lady of fortune in Boston, and left her a widow, with two children, in 1751. A high eulogium on his abilities and character appeared in the London Courant. From two letters addressed to him by Berkeley, when residing at Cloyne, published in the Gentleman’s Magazine, it would appear that his friendship for the artist continued after their separation, as the Bishop urges the painter to recross the sea and establish himself in his neighborhood.

A considerable sum of money, and a large and choice collection of books, designed as a foundation for the library of St. Paul’s College, were the most important items of the Dean’s outfit. In these days of rapid transit across the Atlantic, it is not easy to imagine the discomforts and perils of such a voyage. Brave and philanthropic, indeed, must have been the heart of an English Church dignitary, to whom the road of

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\* Anecdotes of Painting, Vol. III.

preferment was open, who was a favorite companion of the genial Steele, the classic Addison, and the brilliant Pope; who basked in the smile of royalty, was beloved of the Church, blessed by the poor, the idol of society, and the peer of scholars, and yet could shake off the allurements of such a position, to endure a tedious voyage, a long exile, and the deprivations attendant on a crude state of society and a new civilization, in order to achieve an object which, however excellent and generous in itself, was of doubtful issue, and beset with obstacles. Confiding in the pledges of those in authority that the parliamentary grant would be paid when the lands had been selected, and full of the most sanguine anticipations, the noble pioneer of religion and letters approached the shores of the New World.

It seems doubtful whether Berkeley designed to make a preliminary visit to Rhode Island, in order to purchase lands there, the income of which should sustain his Bermuda institution. The vicinity of that part of the New England coast to the Bermudas may have induced such a course; but it is declared by more than one of his biographers, that his arrival at Newport was quite accidental. The captain of the ship which conveyed him from England, it is said, was unable to discover the island of Bermuda, and at length abandoned the attempt, and steered in a northerly direction. They made land which they could not identify, and supposed it inhabited only by Indians; it proved, however, to be Block Island, and two fishermen came off and informed them of the vicinity of Newport harbor. Under the pilotage of these men, the vessel, in consequence of an unfavorable wind, entered what is called the West Passage, and anchored. The fishermen were sent ashore with a letter from the Dean to the Rev. James Honyman. They landed at Canonicut Island, and sought the dwellings of two parishioners of that gentleman, who immediately conveyed the letter to their pastor. For nearly half a century this faithful clergyman had labored in that region. He first established himself at Newport in 1704. Besides the care of his own church, he made frequent visits to the neighboring towns on the mainland. In a letter to the Secretary of the English Mission in America, in 1709, he

says, "You can neither believe, nor I express, what excellent services for the cause of religion a bishop would do in these parts; these infant settlements would become beautiful nurseries, which now seem to languish for want of a father to oversee and bless them." And in a memorial to Governor Nicholson on the religious condition of Rhode Island, in 1714, he observes: "The people are divided among Quakers, Anabaptists, Independents, Gortonians, and Infidels, with a remnant of true Churchmen."\* It is characteristic of the times and region, that, with a broad circuit and isolated churches as the sphere of his labors, the vicinity of Indians, and the variety of sects, he was employed for two months, in 1723, in daily attending a large number of pirates who had been captured, and were subsequently executed; one of the murderous bands which then infested the coast, whose extraordinary career has been illustrated by Cooper in one of his most popular nautical romances.

When Berkeley's missive reached this worthy pastor, he was in his pulpit, it being a holiday. He immediately read the letter to his congregation, and dismissed them. Nearly all accompanied him to the ferry wharf, which they reached but a few moments before the arrival of the Dean and his fellow-voyagers. A letter from Newport that appeared in the *New England Journal*, published at Boston, under date of September 3, 1729, thus notices the event:—"Yesterday arrived here Dean Berkeley of Londonderry, in a pretty large ship. He is a gentleman of middle stature, and of an agreeable, pleasant, and erect aspect. He was ushered into the town by a great number of gentlemen, to whom he behaved himself after a very complaisant manner. 'T is said he purposes to tarry here about three months."

We can easily imagine the delightful surprise which Berkeley acknowledges at the first view of that lovely bay and the adjacent country. The water smiled, in the clear autumn air, like the Mediterranean; the fields, adorned with symmetrical haystacks and golden maize, and bounded by a lucid horizon, against which rose picturesque windmills and the clustered

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\* Hawkins's *Historical Notices of the Missions of the Church of England in the North American Colonies*, p. 173.

dwellings of the town, the noble trees which then covered the island, the bracing yet tempered atmosphere, — all greeted the senses of those weary voyagers, and kindled the grateful admiration of their romantic leader. He soon resolved upon a longer sojourn, and purchased a farm of a hundred acres at the foot of the hill on which stood the dwelling of Honyman, and which still bears his name.

There he erected a modest mansion, with philosophic taste choosing the valley, in order to enjoy the fine view from the summit occasionally, rather than lose its charm by familiarity. At a sufficient distance from the town to insure immunity from idle visitors, within a few minutes' walk of the sea, and girdled by a fertile vale, the student, dreamer, and missionary pitched his humble tent where Nature offered her boundless refreshment, and Seclusion her contemplative peace. His first vivid impressions of the situation, and of the difficulties and consolations of his position, are described in the few letters, dated at Newport, which his biographer cites. At this distance of time, and in view of the subsequent changes of that region, it is both curious and interesting to revert to these incidental data of Berkeley's visit.

*“Newport in Rhode Island, April 24, 1729.*

“I can by this time say something to you, from my own experience, of this place and people. The inhabitants are of a mixed kind, consisting of many sects and subdivisions of sects. Here are four sorts of anabaptists, besides presbyterians, quakers, independents, and many of no profession at all. Notwithstanding so many differences, here are fewer quarrels about religion than elsewhere, the people living peaceably with their neighbors of whatsoever persuasion. They all agree in one point, that the church of England is the second best. The climate is like that of Italy, and not at all colder in the winter than I have known everywhere north of Rome. The spring is late; but, to make amends, they assure me the autumns are the finest and the longest in the world; and the summers are much pleasanter than those of Italy by all accounts, for as much as the grass continues green, which it does not there. This island is pleasantly laid out in hills, and vales, and rising grounds, hath plenty of excellent springs and fine rivulets, and many delightful rocks, and promontories, and adjacent lands. The provisions are very good; so are the fruits, which are quite neglected, though vines sprout up of themselves to an extraordinary size, and seem as natural to



this soil as to any I ever saw. The town of Newport contains about six thousand souls, and is the most thriving, flourishing place in all America for its bigness. I was never more agreeably surprised than at the first sight of the town and its harbor."

*June 12, 1729.* "I find it hath been reported in Ireland that we intend settling here: I must desire you to discountenance any such report. The truth is, if the King's bounty were paid in, and the charter could be removed hither, I should like it better than Bermuda. But if this were mentioned before the payment of said money it might perhaps hinder it, and defeat all our designs. I snatch this moment to write, and have time only to add that I have got a son, who, I thank God, is likely to live."

*May 7, 1730.* "Last week I received a packet from you by the way of Philadelphia, the postage whereof amounted to above four pounds sterling of this country money. I am worried to death by creditors. I am at an end of my patience, and almost of my wits. Our little son is great joy to us: we are such fools as to think him the most perfect thing in its kind we ever saw."

To the poet, scenery of distinctive and picturesque beauty and grandeur is desirable, but to the philosopher general effects are more congenial. High mountains, forests, and waterfalls appeal more emphatically to the former, and luxuries of climate and atmosphere to the latter. Accordingly, the soft marine air, and the beautiful skies of summer and autumn, in the region of Berkeley's American home, with the vicinity of the sea-coast, became to him a perpetual delight. He alludes, with grateful sensibility, to the "pleasant fields," and "walks on the beach," to "the expanse of ocean studded with fishing-boats and lighters," and the "plane-trees" that daily cheered his sight, as awakening "that sort of joyful instinct which a rural scene and fine weather inspire." He calls Newport "the Montpelier of America," and appears to have communed with nature and inhaled the salubrious breeze, while pursuing his meditations, with all the zest of a healthy organization and a susceptible and observant mind. A few ravines, finely wooded and with fresh streams purling over rocky beds, vary the alternate uplands; from elevated points a charming distribution of water enlivens the prospect; and the shore is indented with high cliffs or rounded into graceful curves. The sunsets are remarkable for a display of gorgeous and radiant clouds; the

wide sweep of pasture is broken only by low ranges of stone wall, clumps of sycamores, orchards, hay-stacks, and mill-towers; and over luxuriant clover-beds, tasselled maize, or fallow acres, plays, for two thirds of the year, a southwestern breeze, chastened and moistened by the Gulf-Stream.

Intercourse with Boston was then the chief means on the island of learning political and domestic news. A brisk trade was carried on between the town and the West Indies, France, England, and the Low Countries, curious memorials of which are still visible in some of the old mansions in the shape of china and glass ware of obsolete patterns, and faded specimens of rich brocade. A sturdy breed of Narragansett ponies carried fair equestrians from one to another of the many hospitable dwellings scattered over the fields, on which browsed sheep and cackled geese, still famous in epicurean reminiscence; while tropical fruits were constantly imported, and an abundance and variety of fish and fowl rewarded the most careless sportsman. Thus blessed by nature, the accidental home of the philosophic Dean soon won his affection. Intelligent members of all denominations united in admiration of his society and attendance upon his preaching. With one neighbor he dined every Sunday, to the child of another he became godfather, and with a third took counsel for the establishment of the literary club which founded the Redwood Library. It was usual then to see the broad brims of the Quakers in the aisles of Trinity Church, and, as an instance of his emphatic yet tolerant style, it is related that he once observed in a sermon, "Give the Devil his due, John Calvin was a great man."\* We find him at one time writing a letter of encouragement to a Huguenot preacher of Providence, and at another visiting Narragansett with Smilert to examine the aboriginal inhabitants. His own opinion of the race was given in the discourse on "The Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts," delivered in London on his return. To the ethnologist it may be interesting, in reference to this subject, to revert to the anecdote of the portrait-painter cited by Dr. Barton. He had been employed by the Grand Duke of Tuscany

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\* Urdike's History of the Narragansett Church.

to paint two or three Siberian Tartars presented to that prince by the Czar of Russia, and on first landing at Narragansett with Berkeley, he instantly recognized the Indians there as of the same race with the Siberian Tartars,—an opinion confirmed by Wolff, the celebrated Eastern traveller.

During his residence at Newport, Berkeley became acquainted with the Rev. Jared Elliot, one of the trustees of Yale College, and with the Rev. Samuel Johnson, an Episcopal minister of Stratford, Connecticut, who informed him of the condition, prospects, and wants of that institution. He afterwards opened a correspondence on the subject with Rector Williams, and was thus led, after the failure of his own college scheme, to make his generous donations to a seminary already established. He had previously presented the College with a copy of his writings. In 1732, he sent from England a deed of his farm in Rhode Island, and, the conditions and descriptions not being satisfactory, he sent the ensuing year another deed, by which it was provided that the rents of his lands should be devoted to the education of three young men,—the best classical scholars; the candidates to be examined annually, on the 6th of May; in case of disagreement among the examiners, the competitors to decide by lot; and all surplus funds to be used for the purchase of classical books. Berkeley also gave to the library a thousand volumes, which cost over four hundred pounds,—the most valuable collection of books then brought together in America. They were chiefly his own purchase, but in part contributed by his friends. One of the graduates of Yale, educated under the Berkeley scholarship, was Dr. Buckminster, of Portsmouth, N. H. Unfortunately, the income of the property at Newport is rendered much less than it might be, by the terms of a long lease. This liberality of the Bishop of Cloyne was enhanced by the absence of sectarian prejudice in his choice, for the stewardship of his bounty, of a collegiate institution where different tenets were inculcated from those he professed. That he was personally desirous of increasing his own denomination in America is sufficiently evinced by the letter in which he directs the Secretary of the Episcopal Mission there to appropriate a balance originally

contributed to the Bermuda scheme. This sum had remained at his banker's for many years unclaimed, and he suggests that part of it should be devoted to a gift of books for Harvard University, "as a proper means to inform their judgment and dispose them to think better of our Church." His interest in classical education on this side of the water is also manifested in a letter advocating the pre-eminence of those studies in Columbia College.

It is a remarkable coincidence, that Berkeley should have taken up his abode in Rhode Island, and thus completed the representative character of the most tolerant religious community in New England, by the presence of an eminent Episcopal dignitary. A principal reason of the variety, the freedom, and the peace of religious opinion there, to which he alludes, is the fact that, through the liberal wisdom and foresight of Roger Williams, that State had become an asylum for the persecuted of all denominations from the neighboring provinces; but another cause may be found in the prevalence of the Quakers, whose amiable tenets and gentle spirit subdued the rancor of bigotry and fanaticism. Several hundred Jews, still commemorated by their cemetery and synagogue, allured by the prosperous trade and the tolerant genius of the place, added still another feature to the varied population. The lenity of Penn towards the aborigines, and the fame of Fox, had given dignity to the denomination of Friends, and their domestic culture was refined, as well as morally superior. Enterprise in the men, who in a neighboring State originated the whale-fishery, and beauty among the women of that sect, are traditional in Rhode Island. We were reminded of Berkeley's observations in regard to the natural productions of the country, during a recent visit to the old farm-house where he resided. An enormous wild grape-vine had completely veiled what formed the original entrance to the humble dwelling, and several ancient apple-trees in the orchard, with boughs mossy with time, and gnarled by the ocean gales, showed in their sparse fruit and matted twigs the utter absence of the pruning-knife. The dwelling itself is built after the manner common to farm-houses a century ago, entirely of wood, with low ceilings, broad fire-place, and red cornice. The only

traces of the old country were a few remaining tiles, with obsolete designs, around the chimney-piece. But the deep and crystal azure of the sea gleamed beyond corn-field and sloping pasture; sheep grazed in the meadows, hoary rocks bounded the prospect, and the mellow crimson of sunset lay warm on grass slope and paddock, as when the kindly philosopher mused by the shore with Plato in hand, or indited a metaphysical dialogue in the quiet and ungarnished room which overlooks the rude garden. Though, as he declares, "upon all private accounts," he liked "Derry better than New England," pleasant was the abode, and grateful is the memory of Berkeley, in this rural seclusion. A succession of green breastworks along the brow of the hill beneath which his domicile nestles, by reminding the visitor of the retreat of the American forces under General Sullivan, brings vividly to his mind the Revolution, and its incalculable influence upon the destinies of a land which so early won the intelligent sympathy of Berkeley; while the name of Whitehall, which he gave to this peaceful domain, commemorates that other revolution in his own country, wherein the loyalty of his grandfather drove his family into exile. But historical soon yield to personal recollections, when we consider the memorials of his sojourn. We associate this landscape with his studies and his benevolence; and, when the scene was no longer blessed with his presence, his gifts remained to consecrate his memory. In old Trinity, the organ he bestowed peals over the grave of his first-born in the adjoining burial-ground. A town in Massachusetts bears his name. Not long since, a presentation copy of his "Minute Philosopher" was kept on the table of an old lady of Newport, with reverential care. In one family, his gift of a richly wrought silver coffee-pot, and, in another, that of a diamond ring, are cherished heirlooms. His rare and costly books were distributed, at his departure, among the resident clergy. His scholarship, at New Haven, annually furnishes recruits to our church, bar, or medical faculty. In an adjacent parish, the sacramental cup was his donative. His legacy of ingenious thoughts and benign sentiment is associated with the hanging rocks that are the seaward boundary of his farm, his Christian ministry with the ancient church, and his verse with the progress of America.